

# LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XIX.

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

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LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

We desire to procure the services of a local agent in every Postoffice District in the State. Will our friends, or procure the services of some efficient person in our behalf? Knowing that the circulation of the Democrat may be materially extended, we make this appeal to our friends in its behalf.

**ED** We publish this morning, in detail, on account of the treatment a Union man received from a Federal Co'nel whilst his regiment was encamped near this city. The subject of this treatment is an old citizen of this county, and there is no more loyal man in it; and he is none the less so notwithstanding the infamous conduct of a Colonel who disgraces the service of the United States by trampling State laws under foot. It is time it was understood that such conduct in this State must cease. Kentucky will not surrender the Federal Government whilst she has any power left; but she is equally resolved to support her own laws and Constitution. That is the duty of every loyal man. The Governor is sworn to support the Constitution of this State, and that instrument makes it his duty to see that the laws of the State are faithfully executed. It is true that forbearance is necessary to avoid collisions between the State and Federal authorities, and Kentucky and her citizens have exercised this forbearance as fully as could be demanded of her; and we can inform those who come here to steal negroes, under the pretext of putting down the rebellion, that they are not done with trouble on this score.

There is no military necessity to be invoked here, no law to screen such conduct, and nothing but power will save the guilty. It is not the purpose of the Federal Government to protect such conduct in this Commonwealth.

In the confusion and pressure of business in this city, some time ago, when these transactions took place, the guilty escaped, and one of our citizens had to suffer by the loss of his servants; but law and order will yet prevail, and the execution of the laws.

Enticing negroes away, and forcing them away, has been a practice in this Commonwealth. The excuse is often made that the owner was Seeseeh. No excuse at all that. To assume guilt upon rumor, as an excuse to commit depredations, would be cowardice for every rogue in the State.

These slaves ought to be returned to the owner, and the ill conduct rebuked by the military themselves. It is due to the State that such wrongs be rectified. Laws are not to be supported by overriding laws.

**ED** George N. Sanders, it is said, has brought encouraging news from England to his friends in Richmond. George is the veritable, reliable man so much is said about. He once brought me better news from the Southern Confederacy, when he came sat at Montgomery, than he can now bring from England. He is one of the men who seems to deceive himself more than other people. He conceives vast projects, and nurses them with great assiduity, and gets on just far enough to fail.

He is the worst failure we know of, and seems to be aware of it; as if he were born one; for however he may be defeated, he never seems disappointed, but is only the more ready to engage in something else. He is, moreover, the policy man par excellence. His faith is in policy. He would ride the solar system by some scheme or plan. He will persuade part of the Government at Richmond to hold out for the help to come from England; but it will fail—fail, for Sanders has put his fingers in it, and he is sure to fail.

He put in for the old man of Wheatland, and seemed to succeed; for Buchanan was nominated and elected President of the United States. But it all turned out the most signal failure George ever made. He has one merit valuable to himself. Notwithstanding how often or how much he fails, he will turn up again somewhere.

It was thought, when he made his way from Nashville afoot, that he would not recover, for he was in a dilapidated condition; but he has been to London. How he got there has been explained, and it shows the resources of his genius; but how he got back and got to Richmond is yet a mystery. We hope he will send us an account of his adventures, that we may publish them in the Democrat for his old friends to read. Let him do this, quit Seeseeh and quit policy, and maybe the Lord will forgive him if man doesn't.

**ED** Greeley, of the Tribune, didn't promise nine hundred thousand troops for war on slavery. He promised three times three hundred thousand. It was a mere rhetorical number, and might be more or less. So far it is composed of a single drafted man, and he pleads conscience against bearing arms.

**ED** There is to be no more alcohol distilled from grain in Virginia, so orders Governor Letcher. That will be the worse, though the rebels have got yet. Whisky was indispensable to the start of Secession.

**ED** If the State of Massachusetts can stand the election of Charles Sumner to the Senate, other States can. She will be represented by a learned divine, which is worse than a learned pig.

If the radicals want to know the influence that beat them, let them read the private letters written by the soldiers to their friends at home. These have wrought many conversions.

The Boston Post says the Queen of Naples is more of a man than her husband.

**ED** In FAYETTE COUNTY, Ky.—At the special November term of the Fayette Circuit Court, which closed its labors on Saturday week, two hundred and fifteen indictments were brought in by the Grand Jury, two hundred and eight of which were for treason.

A COSTLY VOTE.—Martin Ryan, of Webster, New York, for casting an illegal vote, has been fined one hundred dollars and costs.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1862.

NUMBER 82.

(For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.)

**COME UNTO ME.**

All thou weary heavy laden—  
And thy cross too hard to bear?  
Is thy pathway all unendured?  
What hast thou to say for thine share?  
I say to you, "Come unto Me."  
Bouquet snuffed, all the long year,  
With the pure, white, freezing snow?  
Wearied one—"Come unto Me."  
Here's the desert stretch before thee,  
Barren emblem of thy life?  
Does thy eye ever wander  
For some with beauty rare?  
Does thy heart forever long for  
Friends and joyousness?  
As thou journeyest to salvation?  
Then comes one—"Come unto Me."

Then thou wander, sad and dreary,  
Friends lost and under foot—  
With my loving bouquet I lead thee,  
No loved hand to guide thine own?  
Is the heart forever longing?  
For a kingly word or tone?  
But no voice to voice these?  
As thou journeyest to salvation?

Friends—one—"Come unto Me."

Mothers, thy dearest idol,  
Earthly joys, and earthly bane,  
With the passing years crowded with boy?  
Is thy heart still acting—plunging—  
For a loved one, over dear?  
But in vain thy tears are falling—  
Nothing brings them to these here?  
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# Daily Democrat.

STONEWALL JACKSON A POET.

(From the *Independent Examiner*, Nov. 2.)  
Doubtless it will surprise many to learn that the bold-minded and hardy warrior, Stonewall Jackson, is a poet of no little ability, and that among the busy scenes and arduous duties of camp he has found leisure to gratify his taste for the beautiful in literature. The following lines were written while Jackson was an artillery officer in Mexico, during the war between the United States and that country:

## MY WIFE AND CHILD.

The fastenings—the lights are gone,  
The house is dark, the children sleep,  
The night with silent steps move on,  
The shadows thicken as the skies,  
But still the stars are bright and clear,  
And still, though thoughts are few,

I think of thee, oh, dearest—  
Those love me, I still hold them close—  
The world is still, the stars are bright,  
The shadows thick as the skies,  
But still the stars are bright and clear,  
And still, though thoughts are few,

Two strong ones do sleep deep, yet,  
And their bright spirits are still,

And hour pass, hour more,  
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—  
To mother, who—dearly loves—  
God the Father, God the Son, and rest,  
God the Spirit, who is all—rest,

Now, while she sleeps before the throne,  
The stars are bright, the shadows deep,  
That's why I'm still alone—  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—  
Then bring me back to the rest,

Two strong ones do sleep deep, yet,  
And their bright spirits are still,

She's a noble, graceful looking craft,

The new gunboats Monongahela and

Janista are still lying at the north wharf.

The latter will be hauled out into the

stream, preparatory to going to sea, either

to-day or to-morrow, her engines having

been satisfactorily tested some time since.

She has been lying at the wharf for nearly

nine months. A trial of the Monongahela's

machinery took place yesterday.

The prize vessel Florida was put on the

dock the day before yesterday, where she

still remains. The Louisiana is receiving a

thorough overhauling at the south wharf.

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the new gunboat is nearly completed.

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